TRIODE
14.
Eddie

No. 14

SUMMER

1958

# CONTENTS

COVER BY

EDDIE

—

INTERIORS

BY

Eddie Jones

Art Thomson

Terry Jeeves

Bill Rotsler

Bill Harry

—

STAFF ARTIST

Eddie Jones


INTERMISSION .....Eric Bentcliffe.....3

'FUN MY SOUL .....John Berry & EB.....6

SUBJECT TO DEBATE .....Brian Jordan & Sid Birchby..12

BELOVED IS OUR DESTINY .....Hurstmonceux & Faversham16

INTERLUDE .....Terry Jeeves.....23

FAN DANCE .....Letters.....27

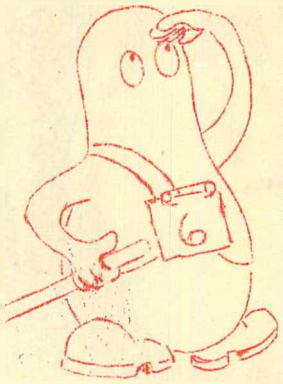
THE LONG HURRAH .....Sid Birchby.....33

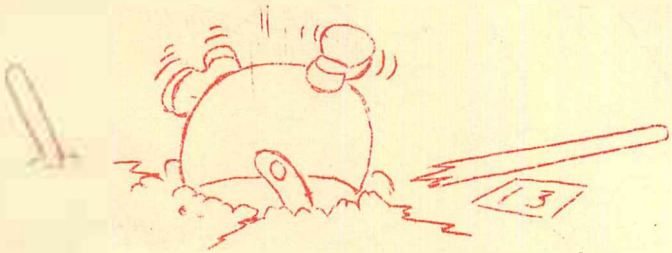


TRIODE is edited and published by Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves. Material and U.K. subs should be sent to EB at 47, Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches. Art to TJ at 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield, 12, Yorks.

The Sub Rate is 1/6 per issue, or four issues for 5/-. U.S.A. 20cents, or 6 for One Dollar. U.S. rep Dale R. Smith, 3001, Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minn, U.S.A.

FANZINE TRADES and TAPES welcomed at either address.



JOIN THE BSFA! - JOHN BERRY FOR TAFF! - CLACTON ON SEA IN 63!

BENTCLIFFE AND JEEVES GO SCHIZOPHRENIC!

You-all may be wondering why fun-loving, fanzine-type-fen like Terry and myself should take on the secretarial chores of the new British Science Fiction Association. Is there (you ask) behind these sensitive fannish faces, a grinning mask of congenital idiocy ?

To answer this as yet unasked query, isn't particularly easy without sounding both pompous and fuggheaded. But, I'll try. The fans who were present at Kettering this year won't need any real explanations, so this if for you - you who for one reason or another (shortage of cash or gafiatus) couldn't get to the annual debauch.

It may seem slightly incredible to faanish type fen (particularly those in the States who have no real contact with British fandom), but there is a real need for a serious, science-fiction based society in this inclement isle. The sad question of "Where have they all gone to ?" and "Why aren't we getting any new-blood into fandom?",has been muttered from many a stiff-British-upper-lip these past few months. Ving Clarke really started things going with his OMPA-zine entitled DON'T SIT THERE (This has no connection with Dave Kyle!), and from then on things sort of snowballed until, at Kettering, the attendees generated a spirit - a remarkably unanimous spirit - that Something Must Be Done. And the B.S.F.A., was formed.

You might think that Terry and I were caught up in the wave of enthusiasm which pervaded the atmosphere, and imbued with a desire to Do Something (not you, pet!) prostrated ourselves before the Ghod S-F. Forsaking Ghu, Harrison, and Bheer. But, this isn't the case for whilst both Terry and I treat fandom as a hobby we do realise that it is a hobby worth perpetuating.

In other words, it isn't much use being a fan - if you are the only one left. And those who have been around fandom (U.K. Fandom, that is) for any number of years must admit that it is in a pretty parlous state at the moment.

It is generally agreed that the only way to Do Anything about the current situation is to indulge in a spot of retrogression - we must go back to s-f, to a degree, and use it as a recruiting media.

But all this will not effect TRIODE. Hence the schizophrenia mentioned in the sub-title. We'll have to 'split our personalities' to a certain extent to cope with the fannish TRIODE, and the sercon secretarial duties of the B.S.F.A. Wish us luck.

And so, as we head westward into the sunset with bemused expressions on our faces.....

MIND-SHATTERING PLOTS GIVEN AWAY WITH THIS ISSUE!

Like most fen I've a vague inkling at the back of my mind that one day I shall sit down and write a masterpiece which will sell to Astounding, be made into a motion-picture, and allow me to live out my days in a tax-free Lichenstein. Unlike most fen, I never do anything about it. Oh, I get the ideas, sometimes I even get the enthusiasm - usually about 3 a.m. on a Winters morn when it's too ruddy cold to get out of bed! - but they never seem to coincide.

So here, I'd like to give away free some of the positively startling Plots which at one time or another the Bentcliffe mind has conceived. When an idea occurs I note it down in a kind of written shorthand which is decipherable only if you can remember what the original idea was, it seems. However, we shall not be thwarted by such incidentals, it is but the work of a moment to get my microscope out!

Plot Number One, concerns an extra-terrestial but humanoid bod who is shipwrecked on Earth quite some years ago. Apart from being from a highly advanced race, he has telepathic powers (NB. to budding authors, read SLAN before writing this). This, however, does not equip him for getting on with the local inhabitants who just so happen to believe in Witchcraft and Wizardry and don't care for it one bit! Eventually, after almost being burnt at the stake, he discovers the only media in which his talents can be put to use to enable him to eat regularly. He goes on the stage. He becomes a world-famous ~~[illegible]~~ majician. And here, if you prefer the snappy twist ending you can have the alien's name translated as that of one well-known in some past era. This plot will particularly appeal to those who are somewhat tired of reading of Leonardo da Vinci.....

---

NOT SATISFIED WITH BELLS DEPT. There is now a National Bat Ringing Soc.

---

Plot Number Two....and about the only mag you could sell this one to would be OTHER WORLDS, I think. I'll keep the synopsis mercifully brief. This one hinges on the startling (sic.) discovery by our hero boy-scientist that Flying Saucers are actually fourth ( fifth ? sixth ?) dimensional 'ghosts' of future spaceships. After due deliberations over his navel and considerable twiddling of knobs he discovers that the type of drive used by these spacecraft is gradually 'erasing' past era's. The breakthrough of 'UFO' images being the first signs of this erasure. Our Hero invents a time-machine, goes forth into the far-future, and persuades its inhabitants to adopt a different form of space-drive. End in blaze of glory....or tender love scene as hero marries daughter of future-worlds president.

Well, you can't say I haven't got an imagination!

Next we have an eerie one, ideal for budding-Bradbury's who like to create 'atmosphere'. This deals with a covention held in suitably horrific surroundings. A Bacchanalia which would do credit to LaSFaS! Leading citizens of mankind are initiated into the ways of the Evil Spirit. After the ball is over, the High Preist and Head Devil are revealed as members of an alien race spreading corruption and dissension prior to a full scale invasion.

Finally, let's deal with psychological type stuff and make it impossible for Mankind to go out into space for mental-type reasons. To counter this phobia the Government approaches a current TV idol of the kiddywinkies. As Captain Jet he captures the imagination of the minors and, eventually, through vicarious stellar adventures manages to remove their mental block.

Incidentally, I don't want to see copies of your rejection slips, but I'm not too proud to accept 10% of any sales!!!

FURSHLUGGINER FANZINE REVIEW DEPT.

And, once again, space is woefully short to do full justice to all the stuff that has arrived since the last TRIODE was mailed out, so they'll have to be capsule reviews.

BRENNSCHLUSS No.3 (Potter fandom, 72 Dallas Rd, Lancaster, Lancs) A reminder that Lancaster fandom isn't dead, just lazy. A Pleasant offering from the Ken and Irene type Potters & Dave Wood. *** ORION No.20 (Paul Enever, 97 Pole Hill Rd, Hillingdon, Middlesex) A fmz that once was a Glory, but now seems to be succumbing to the dreaded Gafia, which is a pity. *** FANAC (Terry Carr & Ron Ellik, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkely 4, California.) The NEW Newszine which is appearing with remarkable regularity and which is A Very Good Thing. Subscribe to it and help keep it going....U.K. subs six for 2/- to Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln....you can send it with your BSFA sub! *** SATA No.3 (Bill Pearson, 4516 Glenrosa Ave East, Phoenix, Arizonia) This one is notable for the very fine artwork and reproduction therein, it's in technicolour, too.

Turn to Inside Bacover.....

# RUN MY SOUL

By

John Berry & Eric Bentcliffe

THIS ONE has a brief-history which might be worth recounting. I started it, originally, as a trufan-tale, but half way through decided to turn it into a tape-play script. From there it went from bad to worse, and I got bogged down with it for lack of a suitable ending. I could almost write an article on alternate endings that I thought up for it....however, finally I sent it to John in the hope that he could do something with it - and he did, and here it is. eb.....

Illoed by ATOM

Gussy, Randolph Gustavus Flookin that is, was a most unhappy ghost. For well over three centuries he'd been bound to the environs of The Abbey; all because of a little mismeanor during his first Haunt .... and it hadn't really been his fault, at that. It was true he had been curled up nice and cosy in Lord Rupert's spirit-flask, but it was not his fault that the master had tried to drink him and shocked him into becoming fully visible. Anyway, how was he to know the old man had a weak heart.

And, now, here he was stuck with a half-ruined abbey for a doss-house when he should, by now, by right of seniority be granted a nice comfortable haunt in some grand old manor. It wasn't so much the fact that the Abbey was in ruins which irked him so, it was the thought that Ghosts many years his junior, ghosts still shredding their wrappings, in fact, were having a nice easy time of it whilst he was forced to stay in this mouldy old dump without even a permanent resident to vent his feelings on. He had to admit that this latter predicament was partly his own fault, he had by now quite a reputation throughout the County. But it was nice to think that he was famous, and, actually, the continuous flow of psychic-investigators did provide almost as much fun as a permanent resident would have done.

Disconsolately, Gussy took a firmer grip on his ball and chain, and then, almost shot out of his shroud as a thunderous knocking came from below.

Looking out of the nearest window he perceived two peculiar characters at the main door. They looked normal enough, for human beings, apart from the fact that they both wore a most peculiar type of headgear somewhat similar to a skull-cap he'd once owned, but with a revolving device above. Aha, thought Gussy, a new religion has been founded and has decided to admit that Ghosts exist. He rubbed his hands together in anticipation, then let out a howl of agony as the chain slipped through his fingers and his ball landed on his pet corn.

" Forsooth, I've dropped a clanger," he muttered to himself, " I hope the noise hasn't frightened them away."

But no, they were still at the main door, and even as he peered down, one of them tired of knocking and put out a tentative hand to the door, and pushed. It creaked open, they hesitated a moment, and passed out of Gussy's viewpoint as they entered the entrance hall.

Carefully retrieving his ball from near the wainscoting were it had rolled, he let out a pitziccato howl of exhultation and hastened along the corridor towards the main wing wondering which type of haunt he should try first. By the time he'd reached the top of the main staircase he had decided that The Disembodied Head would be his first gambit; after all, he didn't want to frighten them away with something really horrible, did he....

Rendering himself invisible apart from his head and cowl, he glided down the stairs, and was most pleased when the intruders upon sighting him immediately took flight. But, he was a little puzzled why the first to sight him had yelled; " Quick, Terry, let's hide Burgess is here..."

Not wishing to bore his visitors by repetition, Gussy decided to adopt a different guise before pursuing them. Should it be his favourite role; The Unsullied Virgin With A Knife Deep In Her Bleeding Bosom ( he was a hermaphrodite-type ghost).... He was about to adjust himself to this guise when he overheard a remark from within the dining room which caused him to change his mind. " No, Terry, I'm not going to write about sex again for a month or so, it gives people the wrong impression of me, and makes Daphne Buckmaster want to sit on my knee!"

Mulling over this rather unusual statement, Gussy dropped into a reverie from which he was suddenly shaken by a strange ethereal howl coming from somewhere in the vicinity of his own pelvic girdle. Gussy didn't like this. He remembered several centuries before, when he'd suffered from a bowel ailment caused by over-indulgence in mead, and commonly referred to as the 'wind', he'd emitted similar uncontrollable burps. But this was more than a burp. And anyway, he hadn't eaten for over three-centuries. The strange noise had obviously been torn with great agony through a suffering epiglottis. Gussy, although admittedly a third-rate ghost, and not really too knowledgeable about the finer points of oral haunting, was shaken. Very shaken.

Then came the water. Right enough it shot through him in two streams, splattering the stuffed Lions-head breathing over his shoulder, but that was more mundane. The two characters named Eric and Terry with the flamboyant headgear were the cause of the fusilade. They had crept up the main staircase, each holding in front of himself a thin magazine-type booklet bearing the uncanny legend BIPED, from behind which they aimed the water from a hand-weapon similar in shape to a horse pistol.

Gussy, angered, and forgetting for a moment the scream from his own midriff, whirled his ball and chain round his head like a hammer-thrower at the Olympics and was about to let go when one of the mortals, the one with the wavy-hair and erotic smile, said; "Hey, Terry, watch out or he'll bolas over."

" Bowl us over," gasped Jeeves.

" Crikey, Terry. You a school-teacher, too. Don't you know that the South American cowboys have a long cord with a lead weight attached at each end, and they whip it round their heads and throw it at the cattle, and trip 'em up for branding ? It's called a Bolas."

" Oh, Great Thundering Ghu," screamed Terry, " this is no time for punning."

Gussy looked on in amazement as the two BIPED's faced each other and arches of H2O weaved a withering crossfire, both mortals having to resort to frantic flannelling with handkerchiefs.

This was uncanny. Gussy materialized his shroud again and flung it round his shoulders like Cochise. Three apples flew through the air. One passed through Gussy's head; two swiftly flourished BIPEDS disposed of the others.

" Hammer better thrower than you," said a definitely non-human voice from somewhere just above their heads. Gussy, launched himself through the air and landed between Eric and Terry.

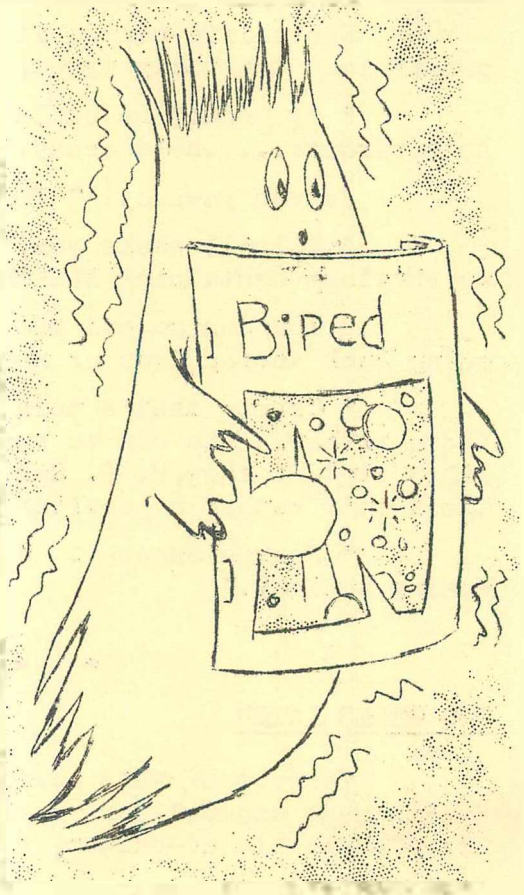
" Quickly, mortals," he panted, "one of your potent shields, I beg thee." Terry ripped his BIPED in two, and Gussy gathered his ectoplasm together behind the proffered portion.

Eric looked at Gussy - Terry looked at Gussy - Eric Looked at Terry. " Are you a ventriliquial ghost ?" Terry enquired.

" No....noooooooooooo," replied Gussy, steam rising from the water on his invisible knee's, " are either of you two ventriloquists?"

Two bewildered heads shook in unison.

" ODDSOCKS!! " screamed Gussy, " the place is haunted!" He stood on tiptoe, opened his shroud like Superman, screamed a horrible incantation, and disappeared into the infinite, breaking a window and the sonic barrier enroute.




Jeeves and Bentcliffe stood rooted to the spot.

" Haunt you worried?" asked EB.

" Listen, Eric," panted Terry. " Quit punning. Something queer is going on here. A ghost is bad enough, but this is much more serious. This manifestation, whatever it is, has even frightened away an orthodox ghost."

" If you two don't hurry and go, too," said a voice between them, "I'll badger you so much that eventually I'll extinguish the whole TRIODE editorial staff."

Bentcliffe and Jeeves stood outside the splintered front-door. " Wait a minute," said Bentcliffe. He raised a hand. " Let me get this right. That second ghost didn't otter intimate that we'd be so weasely extinguished.....no... that stoatally different. He....."

And he caught Jeeves up halfway across the third field.

* * * * *

ONE WEEK LATER

Jeeves and Bentcliffe sipped Blog at 47 Alldis Street.

" I've looked up all the reference books in the Sheffield Library pertaining to mystic manifestations," said Jeeves, " and I can find no mention of anything which could come under the same classification as the thing we heard. I mean, looking at it objectively, what we encountered haunted a ghost! It's not done....it's just not done. To use a most un-teacher like phrase, what the Bloody Hell was it ?"

Bentcliffe breathed, heavily, over his Bardot file. Raising his eyes reluctantly, he replied; " I've already taken steps to discover the answer. I've written to the Goon for advice. In fact. I spectre reply from him any minute. Hey, that's a good one, Terry, I spectre reply from him..... Hey, that teapot is from my Mother's best tea service put it down."

Jeeves put his hand in his pocket and handed over a dirty unstamped envelope, bearing two heavily franked 'Postage Duc' stamps.

" From Bennett ?" asked Bentcliffe.

" I don't think so. As I was coming up the stairs a few moments ago your Mother asked me to give it to you.

Bentcliffe ripped it open, and his face grew haggard as his eyes scrutinised the badly typed, dirty, and illiterate missive from the Goon.

" My Ghod!" he exclaim at last, " the Goon is completely mad.... he's berserk.....he's crazy."

Jeeves yawned. " Yes...I know...tell me something new."

" This'll shake you," promised EB, " he wants me to forward him an envelope containing ALL THE SWEEPINGS FROM THE FLOOR OF THE ABBEY."

" You can go and get it," said Jeeves, emphatically, " I'm not going back there, Goon or no Goon."

" Crumbs that's torn it," said Bentcliffe, "I'm not going back there either. Who can we send to the Abbey to sweep the floor ? Who likes dirt, I know, H. P. San.....No, he'd want payment....you must admit it's rather a peculiar thing to ask anyone to do."

" Jeeves sneered. " Leave it to me," he said, " I'll see Peter Reaney tonight."

* * * * * * *

TWO WEEKS LATER

Terry took EB's coat and beanie, and hung them on the hallstand. " It's most unusual for you to come over at 10.45p.m. on a Sunday night, Eric," said his co-editor, " and we were going to make that tape to Dale next weekend.

Bentcliffe wiped a bead of sweat from his forhead. With a sly movement of his left hand he tried to hide the grey hairs which had appeared during the last few hours.

" I've heard from the Goon again," he sobbed, " and this letter is even more fantastic than the first one was. He also enclosed this envelope to be opened at five minutes past eleven tonight."

" Open it now," suggested Jeeves.

" No. I daren't," said Eric. " You see...er...he also told me to tune into Radio Luxembourg at eleven tonight...it's almost that time now...Great Suffering St. Fantony, this is utterly crazy!"

Jeeves, with a grim look, switched on his radio set, kicked it, handed ear-phones to Eric, and fixed a set on his own head. " It's one minute to eleven, now," he grated.

* * * * * * * *

At three minutes past eleven, two tense and bewildered fen took off their ear-phones and gazed in utter fascination at the envelope marked - NOT TO BE OPENED UNTILL 11.05p.m.

Reverently, Bentcliffe licked his lips and tore off one corner of the envelope.

" That Goon is a genus," observed Terry.

" Don't you mean genius ?" asked Bentcliffe.

" He's that, too," replied the other.

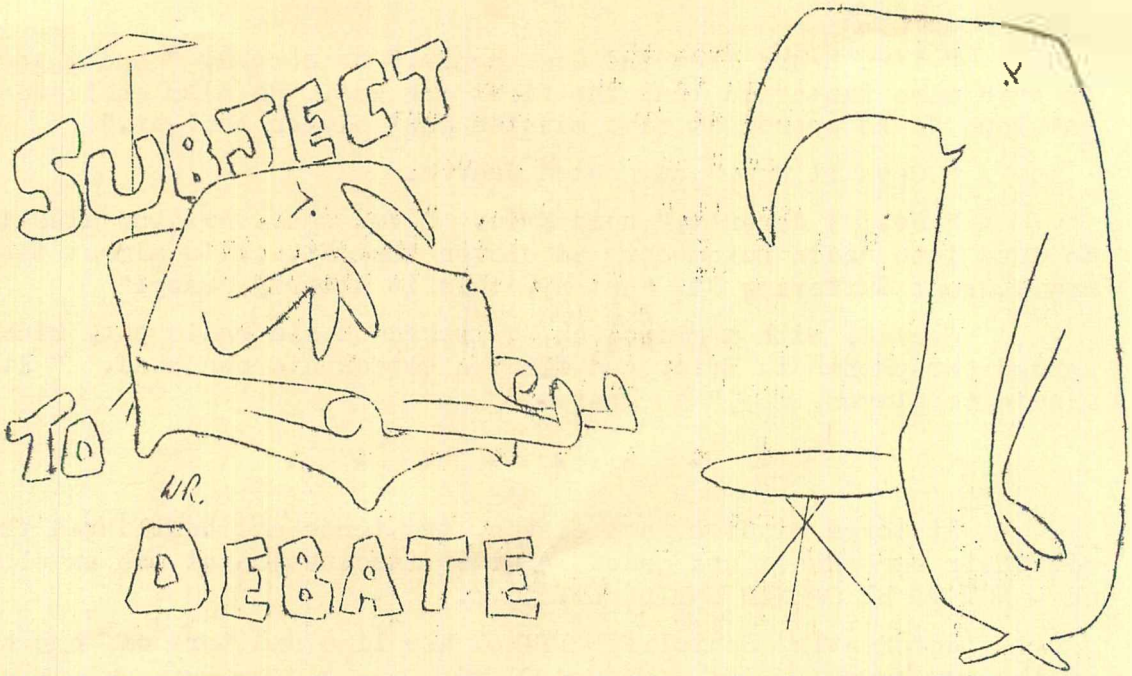
Eric read the illiterate missive, then repeated it out loud:-

' It was obvious that the mysterious being was a fan, because of the allusion to TRIODE. You mentioned his pun in your letter, and the apples are not without some significance. So I asked myself, why should a fan....a punster...produce strane noises from nowhere...and throw apples...and be so anxious to frighten away intruders ? Obviously he wanted solitude. For what, I asked myself? The sweepings which you sent gave me the answer, which was confirmed when I heard the latest rock 'n roll pop sensation on the radio, and currently number One on the Hit Parade... " If Music Be The Food Of Love..Brew Up!" by Bob Shaw and his Choir of Singing Budgerigars;which you have just heard. BoSh wanted seclusion to train his talking budgerigars for their oral feat, and also used them to speak to you and Gussy from, seemingly, thin-air. As for my fee.... "

" Can not let him have this unretouched photo of Briggite Bardot," said Eric, " I simply can't..."

Jeeves face lit up like a HYPHEN front cover. " Tell him to keep the sweepings, and tell him you are going to nominate him as Goon Bleary - Man Of Many Faeces!"

Bentcliffe gave his opinion of that pun, and, for the record, TJ didn't look half so effective in the gilt frame as La Bardot.




MOTION TO DEBATE: That Our Present Culture Is Going To Hell In A Bucket.

ARGUMENT FOR: By Brian Jordan ( who calls himself a neo-fan but isn't - send fanzines to 86, Piccadilly Rd, Burnley, Lancs).

First, let's look at the state of mind of the people in this world of ours. Today, there are a considerable number of people who merely exist - they eat, work, are amused, and sleep. Nowhere does creation come into their lives. Of course, their jobs have an end product, but what is creative about fitting bolt 27a into hole 27b ? And, they couldn't care less anyway. Many of the more complex jobs are just as bad, and are merely a routine procedure which requires no mental exertion. I don't intend to go into this too deeply here, but is should be quite clear that a large percentage of the populace do exist rather than live. And this, as a resultant of our current civilisation - which has directed them into souless monotony from which they have not the power of mind (or initiative) to escape.

The fact that the percentage of people living in this manner - existing in this manner is constantly increasing surely indicates that our culture is decaying, for is not the difference between man and the animals that man operates on a level above that of mere physical survival.

At the other end of the 'scale', consider our politicians and ' V.I.P.s'. Whilst on both sides of the earth it is denied that a nuclear war is desired, it is becoming increasingly likely that the very worst will happen. But why would they use the H-Bomb ? What do they look upon it as ? To them it means a way of ruining a rival nations military and economic strength. They do not consider the lives that will be lost,on both sides, in a nuclear war.

You try it! Try to visualize a person dying, his body blown to shreds; or, perhaps a person slowly rotting away, physically and mentally of radioactive poisoning....then imagine a thousand persons dying like this, a thousand individual persons ceasing to exist. But to get the idea of what a small nuclear war would mean multiply this by, say 5,000. The first is horrible, the second incomprehensibly horrible. The third? Tet this is, at this very moment, being considered as a possible, desirable course of events!

Why ? Because Group A want to obliterate Group B, before the reverse happens. Why should B want to destroy A ? So that A won't destroy B first....ad infinitum. The whole concept is tangled and absurd, since neither group particularly wants the property of the other.

So we get a vicious circle of destruction caused by two groupings of people - neurotic people, who don't 'trust' each other. And, who, indeed, are forced by the very form of our current civilisation not to 'trust' each other. Locked in a stranglehold that can only lead to mutual oblivion.

There we have it; at one end of the scale we have the mass of the people leading a completely neutral, apathetic life. At the other end, a minority group some power-mad - some with power thrust upon them unwanted, by the forces of our 'civilisation' - contemplating tremendous destruction for the 'Glory of Mankind'.

Pshawwww. And you claim we're an intelligent, progressive people. Go back to your H-Bombs, TV sets, and Tranqulizers!

* * * *

ARGUMENT AGAINST THE MOTION: by Sid Birchby (that well-known trans-Serpentine swimmer, and terror of the Northern Highways).

We have to keep this one simple. It contains two words which will mean different things to different people, namely, 'culture' and 'decaying'. I am not quite clear whether Brian is referring to 'culture' in the sense of 'refinement' or of 'Western Society' or of 'civilisation'. He also uses the one word 'decaying' to describe both the alleged society of machine-,inders and the position of the world faced with Nuclear War.

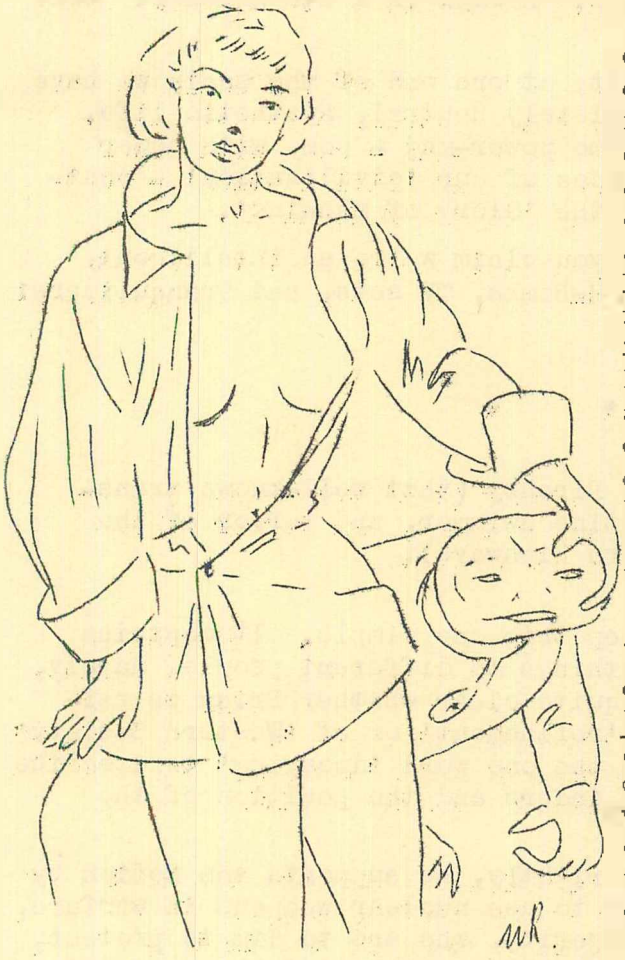
If I read him rightly, he supports the Motion by claiming that some 'people' are ready to use nuclear weapons in warfare, regardless of the suffering of the majority, who are to dim to protest, anyhow. A large generalization. Before attacking it full on, I had better shoot down some of his minor defenses.

Number One. That a lot of people exist rather than live, and that out culture has directed them that way. Answer:

that this is always so, in every culture, and I for one would much rather assemble washing-machines on an assembly line than slosh around in a paddy-field all day. Don't blame 'our culture'. The hoi polloi of Ancient Greece, or the mobs of Rome, or the dimwits that Brian seems to have in mind, are a type that have never died out yet, and maybe never will.

Number Two. The fact that there are more 'dimwits' nowadays indicates 'decay', Answer: if it indicates anything, it's a rising birth-rate. Fear not, there are more of us, too!

I will now present my main argument, and I shall assume first that Brian's claim is that nuclear doom is impending because our culture is dying. This I deny vigorously as a Toynbee-ish fantasy. There is no evidence from history of any connection between the age of a society and its tendency to become involved in wars. To give two examples, the Tudor period in England was blood-stained from start to finish, whereas the history of France has been one of decreasing militancy.



Far from dying, the only 'culture' that makes sense in our modern conditions is now emerging. We now have at least a rudimentary world culture, linked by radio, aircraft and cable, so that nothing escapes world-wide attontion any more simply because it happens far away. Even in Russia, the links with the rest of the world are becoming more, not fewer, as John Gunther shows in his latest book: " Inside Russia Today ". This means that one practical defense against nuclear bombs..... dispersal...is already in existence. You've got to be very deep in the jungle nowadays not to meet 'civilisation' in some form.

This is the answer, by the way, if Brian means the opposite: that our culture is doomed because of impending nuclear war. Suppose the worst happens. Very well; despite some of the gloomier and wilder s-f stories, some of the world culture would survive. For a time there would be fall-out, and probably crazy weather, but fifty years later there would still be men and women, and they would still be reading Shakespeare. They might not have it so good as us, but they would live.

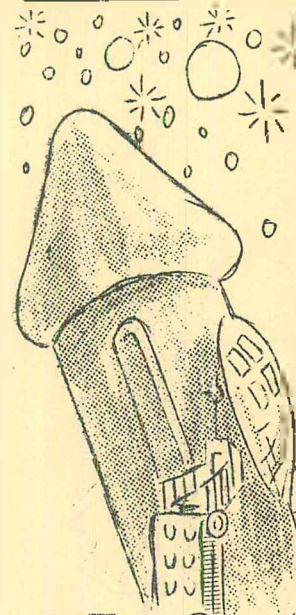
What is fairly certain is that most of TRIODE's subscribers wouldn't, but that is something we have to learn to live with. I doubt if it is what Brian had in mind. For my own part, the prospect of one extra type of loathsome death in a world already crammed with so many is not extremely disturbing.

And now, let's get onto something more cheerful, or everyone will think this is a Stateside fanzine!

- End of SUBJECT TO DEBATE for this issue....in which the opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the writer. MOTIONS FOR DEBATE would be extremely welcome, and the topic is immaterial (just so long as you don't merely want to vent your spleen on some unsuspecting fan-ed). -

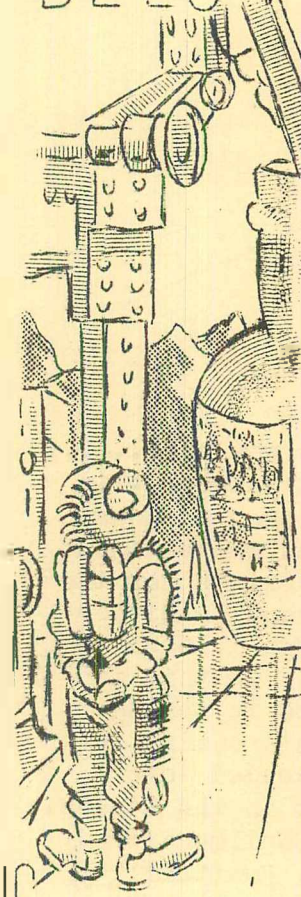
Have YOU sent a donation to TAFF this year ? If not, why not..... No, this is not a super-sales ad' or anything of that nature, t'is just a gentle reminder that this very worthy fannish project does need funds to carry out its purpose. For those of you who've 'just switched on' TAFF is the TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND, and exists for the purpose of enabling a chosen fan to attend a s-f convention either in England, or the U.S.A. Alternatively, a British fan is sent to the States, of an American fan is brought to the U.K. As this is being typed the polling for the TAFF CANDIDATE for '58 is waxing fast and furious....but, unfortunately, the money isn't coming in as fast as the votes. At least another £30.0.0. is needed 'over here' to make the trip feasible, and a similar amount in the States. Send your donation now.....to either Ken Bulmer, 204 Wellmeadow Rd, Catford, London S.E.6. Or, Bob Madle, 7720 Oxman Rd, Hyattsville, Maryland. No amount is too small...or too large.

THE SCENE: The Savoy Hotel, London.



The world's first gentleman and the distinguished and beautiful actress were chatting together in the Savoy bar when the doors swung softly open, and across the deep pile of the carpet strode suave, silver-haired Sir Hubert Fudge, personal aide and confidant of the P.M. Nodding first to Harrison, he then beamed his well-known grin in the direction of the actress. " Will you excuse us for an hour or two, Dame Peggy?" he said. The lovely creature smiled, nodded, and made a graceful exit, for she Understood; and Sir Hubert, guiding the Great Man to a secluded table, seated himself opposite Him and spoke.

# BELOVED IS OUR DESTINY



" Sorry to have to disturb you, sir," he said, " but Sir Godfrey asked me to contact you at once. There's rather a largish sort of stunt coming off."

Harrison, raised the '05 cognac to His lips, nodded expectantly. " You will be aware, sir," said Sir Hubert, " of the achievements of the Russians in the field of rockets and satellites ?"

Harrison slightly inclined his noble profile. "I will."

" Our American allies, under the inspired leadership of President Eisenhower, are, as you know, pooling their scientific resources to regain the technological lead. However,..." and here Sir Hubert lowered his voice to the vibrant, confidential whisper that had been the undoing of many a Ministry of Education typist - " however, Her Majesty's Goverment itself is further advanced in this field than is generally realised. A gigantic research programme, initiated in collaboration with the vast Brock Fireworks combine, has resulted in...Something Pretty Big." Sir Hubert leaned back in his chair and regarded Harrison with reverent inquiry.

# PT. 4 FOILED AGAIN

( From papers collected in some very strange places by CYRIL FAVERSHAM, M.M. and HARRY HURSTMONCEUX, O.B.E.)

" You've heard of the Brock Tenpenny Rocket, sir ?" Sir Hubert continued.

The great man nodded sagely.

" Our new developement - The BTR 16 - is an extension of that idea. At a secret launching site ten miles beyond Ditton Junction stands - the biggest firework in the history of Mankind. Why, the the great wooden stick alone is over eighteen feet high, sir, and the nation's finest glassblowers have been working night and day to create the gargantuan Vermouth bottle from which this awesome weapon will be launched!" Sir Hubert leaned forward confidentially. " You realise the implications, of course ?"

" You mean....the balance of power may be restored ?" said Harrison ruminatively.

" Precisely!" said Sir Hubert with sudden ferocity. " We'll show these rotters that the Old Country still has a trick or two up her sleeve! But perhaps equally as important, the successful launching of the BTR 16 will be a tremendous prestige victory for the civilised half of Europe and The Free Peoples Of The World in general. And - and we need your help, sir."

Harrison paused in the act of lighting one of his exquisite hand-made cigarettes. " My instructions ?" He said.

" I knew we could count on you," cried Sir Hubert, with tears in his eyes. " By God, sir, you're the whitest man I know...any of us know....d'you know, youre a kind of a God with us, sir; there's many a man who would lay down his life..." He broke off, as he became aware of the slightly disaproving quirk of Harrison's left eyebrow, and bringing himself under control, he continued in a more restrained voice. " To resume, sir. The rocket, with bottle attached, will be floated above the earth's atmosphere by huge gas-filled balloons. A gigantic hole has been scooped out of the centre of the rocket to provide accomodation for yourself. At the specified height, you will activate the blue touch-paper by remote control; the rocket will take off, and the bottle will fall away. The predetermined course of the missile - up - will take it to a point fifty-three-point-two miles above the earth's surface; when this point has been reached, you will, God willing, begin to descend. If the Prophesy and Witchcraft Bureau of the Meteorlogical Office have informed us correctly ( and I have no reason to doubt that they have), you will begin to descend immediately above the city of Moscow. Then, within six thousand feet of the ground, the rocket will explode in an awesome panorama of red, white and blue stars, simultaneously, seventeen thousand copies of " Conservative Freedom Works" and fouteen hundred musical boxes playing " The British Grenadier" will be released on tiny parachutes to fall in the central areas of the city."

Harrison stared ahead of him numbly.

" That, sir, is our plan," said Sir Hubert, a trifle nervously.

" Britannia's brain is as active as ever, I perceive," said the great man, smiling wistfully.

" No expense has been spared to make the stunt a success," said Sir Hubert, with the pugnacious forward-thrust of the chin that had earned him the cherished accolade of 'Spunky Fudge' on the lacrosse fields of Charterhouse. " We're even providing you with a parachute. May I just...may I..."

" By all means, my dear Fudge," said Harrison suavely. " It is the third door on the left."

" No, sir," stammered Sir Hubert, in an agony of embarrasment, " what I mean't was...may I just...wish you well, sir ?"

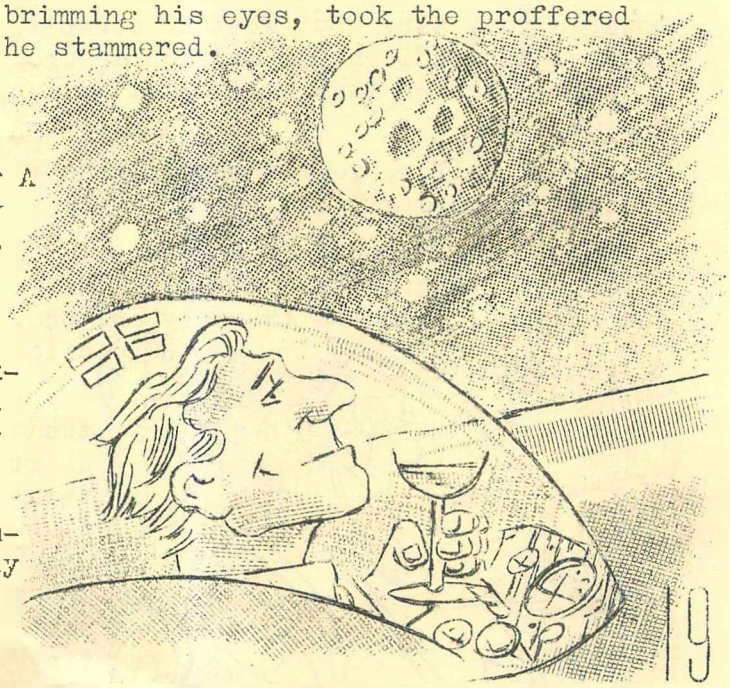
" You may," said Harrison, stubbing out His cigarette on the other's chin. " But tell me, Sir Hubert, why should it be neccessary for me to accompany the rocket at all ? Surely the whole thing can be done by remote control ?"

" Your perception, sir," smiled Sir Hubert, " is as acute as ever. However, there is one further request that Her Majesty's Government has....humbly...to make of you." Amidst the confusion caused by the impact of our propaganda, we should very much appreciate it if you could parachute down ( as discreetley as possible, of course) and make your way furtively to the Red Square. You would then proceed to climb the highest spire of the Kremlin, and upon the topmost gleaming cupola place....a certain china utensil of domestic origin." Sir Hubert grinned wryly. " Think of it! By George, the Russian Goverment 'ud cut a fine figure when the news leeked out. What a loss of face. What a Blow For Freedom! "

Harrison laughed heartily " Capital!" he cried. " A somewhat unorthodox mission, but nevertheless one after my own heart. Here is my hand on it. "

Sir Hubert, the tears brimming his eyes, took the proffered hand. " God bless you, sir," he stammered.

* * * * *



Part The Second: In Which, For A While, Humanity Is In A Pretty Tight Corner. 1) Tom Sets Out For Rugby School.

Tuesday, November 5th; and in the star-sprinkled darkness above foggy London town a great, sleek shape was soaring upwards. It was Harrison's nose. Behind it sat Harrison, ensconced in His favourite armchair in the oak-panelled study that had been scooped out for Him in the heart of the huge missile.

He looked up suddenly from the volume of Pliny he had been reading, for the missile-to-earth telephone had begun to shrill insistently. He picked up the receiver. " Hello ?"

Sir Hubert Fudge's voice crackled excitedly at the other end. " This is an emergency, sir! A disaster has occurred! By George, it is the....."

" Pull yourself together, man!" said Harrison sharply, and the febrile chattering at the other end of the line quietened somewhat. " Now," said Harrison. " Tell me briefly what has happened."

" Briefly...yes, sir. Well, it's like this, sir. The NGW 111, our new prototype long-range bomber, has been purloined from its secret cache in the Euston Road." Sir Hubert choked back a sob. " Worse than this, though, the NGW was carrying... a Cobalt Bomb."

" A Cobalt Bomb....yes, I see," said Harrison imperturably.

" A man was seen to enter the aircraft. Before he could be stopped, he'd taxied the plane out onto the Euston Road and taken off in it."

" What did this man look like ?" queried Harrison sharply.

" We knoe the devil's identity, sir," said Sir Hubert. " It was....Kurt Neumann."

" Neumann!" echoed Harrison. " But surely he was eaten alive by piranha fish in episode two ?"

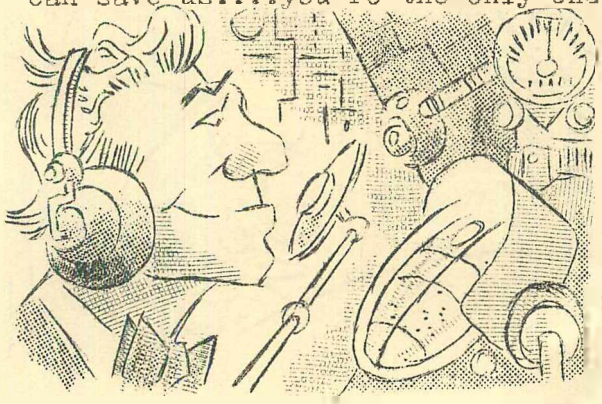
" So we thought, sir; but apparently the low-grade alcohol in the fiend's blood made him unacceptable to the fish."

" And so - he is still among us ?"

" Unfortunately, yes, sir. And you are aware of the fanatical hatred he bears towards the Old Country and towards...well, towards you, sir. But what he doesn't realise is that this bomb, which I am confident he intends to drop on London, is likely to start a chain-reaction that will split this planet asunder like a rotten apple! "

" Caller, your three minutes are up," came the stern voice of the switchboard girl.

" One moment more, miss, if you please!" cried Sir Hubert. " The mist, sir...the mist has grounded all our aircraft...only you can save us....you're the only one who...." There was an abrupt click, and his voice was gone.



Harrison replaced the receiver thoughtfully. Only you can save us... He stood for some moments, deep in thought; and then, without fuss or flurry, but with the cool and imperturbable efficiency characteristic of the man, He did the following things. Switching on the radar, He saw the tiny point of light that represented the NGW 111:

then, making a few quick calculations, He flung the steering wheel hard over, cogged down to third, put His left hand out, achieved a tight U-turn, and screamed on course towards the point of light. Gauging speed and course to a nicety, He gradually brought the rocket immediately over the bomber, until they were relatively stationery. He then opened the door of His study, strode swiftly down a short passageway, flung open the exit-door - and jumped onto the fuselage of Neumann's aircraft. The rocket from which He had jumped veered away out of control, plunging down into the North Sea.

Clinging desperately to the aircraft with one hand, Harrison whipped out His pocket oxy-acetylene torch with the other, and began laboriously to cut a hole into the metal-skin of the fuselage. When the hole was sufficiently large, He lowered Himself quietly into the plane, and walked, casually towards the cockpit. Over the controls, intent on his mission, sat a revoltingly familiar figure. Harrison drew closer, rapidly donning His boxing-gloves as He did so.

Some sixth sense must have warned Neumann at that moment, for he suddenly swung round in his seat, his hideous, bloated, piranha-nibbled face contorting with fiendish malice as he caught sight of the Master. " Gott in Himmel! " he rasped. " You!"

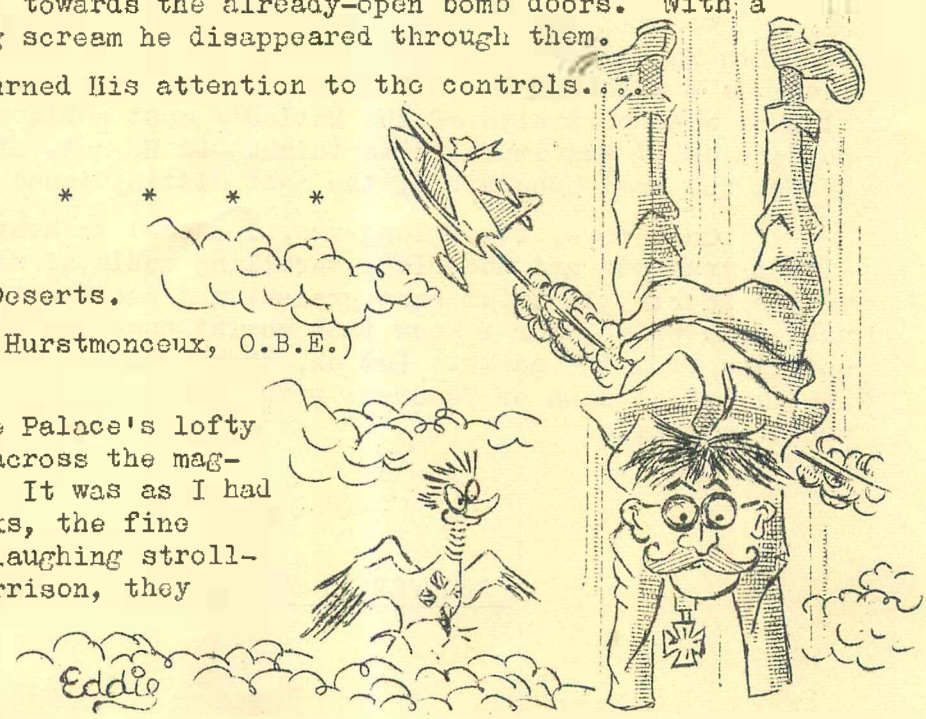
" Yes," said Harrison cooly, " and the game is up."

" Der game...oop ?" snarled Neumann. " Nein! Is nicht oop!" He lurched suddenly from his seat, and curling his fingers into great claws, hurled himself at Harrison with a foul oath.

" I think not," said the great man, stepping back adroitly; and Neumann, his features alight with a hellish hate, stumbled forward, unable to save himself, towards the already-open bomb doors. With a ghastly, blood-curdilng scream he disappeared through them.

And Harrison turned His attention to the controls....

* * * * * * * *




Part The Third: Just Deserts.

( An Appendix by Harry Hurstmonceux, O.B.E.)

From one of the Palace's lofty anterooms I gazed out across the magnificence of The Mall. It was as I had remembered it: the parks, the fine processional way, the laughing strollers; yes, thanks to Harrison, they were all still there.

Turn page.

I saw that the crowds were beginning to mass. We had tried to keep the forthcoming ceremony a secret, in accordance with His wishes, but it had proved quite impossible; for von Neumann's body - by one of those ironiesthat make me more than ever convinced that Providence is on Our Side - had been discovered impaled upon the railings outside the Mother of Parliaments, and had provided the headline of the century.

Harrison, was suddenly a world-figure. The French had requested Him to for a cabinet; the Germans had given Him the Freedom of the city of Hamburg and a life pass to any dive on the Reeperbahn; the Americans had voted Him 'This Week's Man Of The Century'; even the Russians ( for he had saved them, too) had created a new award, and He was now an Heroic Capitalist Savious Of The Soviet Republics.

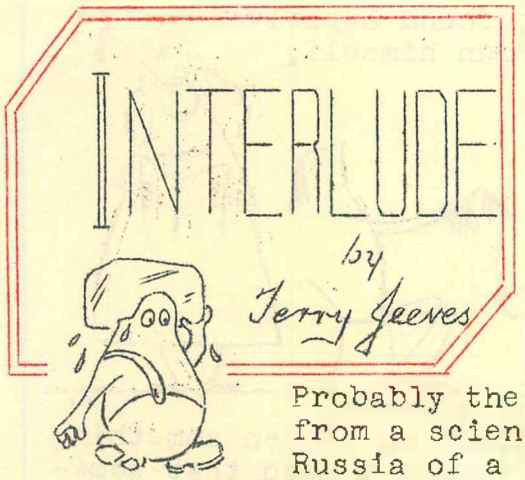
The murmur of voices from behind made me turn; and I beheld the visage of the man I was privileged to call 'friend'. He appeared, if possible, more immaculate than ever in His superbly-cut swallow tails, and the gleaming diamond in His cravat gave Him that air of impeccable suavity which the occasion demanded. He took Faversham and I by the hand. " Glad to see you, gentlemen," He said. " Really, though, I hardly feel that I deserve a Knighthood for the little I did."

" Nonsense, sir," chuckled Sir Hubert, who stood at His side, " the British Public wouldn't be satisfied with anything else. And remember how hurt the UNO people were when you declined the Presidency." He glanced at his watch. " Well, sir, it's almost time for your Audience."

We all shook hands. Faversham and I were almost beside ourselves with joy and pride. We had all, I thought, come a long way together. Then, as I watched the tall figure stride away down the long corridor, flanked with portraits of the Nation's most noble and illustrious personages, I was impelled to think: is He not, after all, the most brave, the most honourable, the most distinguished of them all ?

Once more, as of long ago, I seemed to hear the clear ring of silver trumpets and the rich, thrilling music of massed choirs, their voices soaring in triumphant praise; and once more my being was suffused with pride, for I knew that whilst such men lived, Freedom should not pass from the earth. Let us, then, gaze together upon the bright and limitless dawn of Tomorrow with proud hope, and fervent joy, and true humility.

END
OF
BELOVED IS OUR DESTINY




The inelasticity of type metal has been mentioned many times in far more august pages than these, as has the fact that magazines are not 'news' papers. This applies with even more force to fanzines, which appear with even greater irregularity. Bearing this in mind, we have one slight item of advantage. In the three (or so) months since the last issue, many items worthy of comment have come up. Probably the most newsworthy of these, at least from a science fiction angle, is the launching by Russia of a 1¼ ton satellite. By now, this feat is 'old hat', and received but a fraction on the space and comment devoted to Sputnik 1. On the other hand this latest addition to future spaceship hazards has one difference. A 1¼ ton satellite, could quite well have been a 1¼ ton rocket. Launched at peak velocity a moon trip would have been well within its power. Probably the only addition needed would have been sufficient accuracy in the guidance mechanism. It could have even been an actual moonshot attempt, but with the final stage not firing. In other words, it won't be long (six months ?) before s-f loses yet another of its world-of-the-future gimmicks, and then what will we offer new readers ?

In answer to that last question, Vinø Clarke recently came up with a suggestion on a similar theme, the formation of a Britsh SF society which could afford the neofan more than a load of esoteric natter. The scheme was brought up at Kettering, and ably skippered by Dave Newman, was steered through the rocks of argument, beer and gafia, to produce the British Science Fiction Association. Ted Tubb was elected editor of the OO, Archie Mercer was made into our treasurer, Dave Newman is the chairman, and Eric and myself ended up as joint secretaries. If you haven't already received the first mailing, it will be hard on the heels of this issue. We aim to have a society that will do more than just offer a name. Fan projects will be sponsored, a library has been formed, and any other ideas will be welcome. I don't intend to waffle on about this, as it will no doubt, get full publicity elsewhere. I would make one point however, don't hang around to see what the water is like before getting in. Join right away, and help to make the sort of society <u>you</u> want.

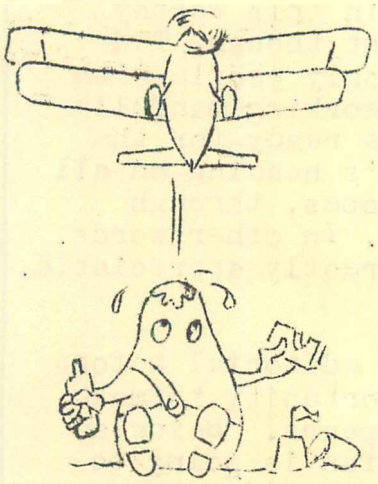
The other weekend, I had the unexpected pleasure of bearding (metaphorically only) an aged trufan in his lair. After struggling through the wilds of darkest Romiley, dodging a couple of Scotch dancers and a bus conductor who wanted two and

threepence, Eric, Sid Birchby and myself, found ourselves outside the house of the Romiley Fan Veteran himself, Skirting the bath chair parked in the garden., Sid was about to ring the bell (on the bathchair) when a fiendish sound broke the still air. Before we could unfreeze for a get away, Harry Turner came out and grabbed us. We discovered that the noise came from the vile device which lured him away from fandom - a hi-fi set up, complete with a Wharfedale speaker

The latter, Harry assured us, was sand filled to deaden something or other - we began to feel nervous. The trufan proved that somewhere within him, the old spirit still lurked, by producing bheer. We partook of this liquor, and so fortified, Harry played records for us. The realism was terrific, needle scratch sounded just like needle scratch....Indian music sounded just like Indian music, and when Harry put on the 'Desert Song', sand fairly oozed from the Wharfedale. Through it all, Eric sat with a blissful smile on his face, and said never a word. After a pleasant evening's chatter (in between records) and having heard the latest sabotage rumours being circulated, we set off for the bus depot. Eric still had a blissful smile, we found out why, when Sid had paid the bus fares. Eric carefully removed a plug of cotton wool from each ear,,,after all, he is a regular visitor at the home of the trufan.

Those of you who are observant and free from colour-blind--ness may have noticed sundry blobs of red ink scattered about in this issue. It is red ink, and not blood. After many moons of heart and pocket searching, I invested in the extra bits and bobs so that we could bring you Triode in COLOUR. This, of course, is in line with our policy of constant improvement, and next issue, when I hope to have got the process taped, there should be even more red bits around the place. The method is quite simple (in words) You simply prepare two stencils (Ghod, the expense !) one for each colour. Then comes the tricky part. First, you duplicate in black. Next, remove the silk screen and rollers. Thirdly, you remove the ink from the drum with a scraper. Fourth, you remove the ink from your shirt front (with a razor) Substitute new screen, rollers and coloured ink. Replace the paper on the feed tray, and run in your second colour...after fiddling away a ream or so getting the colour in register. Messrs Gestetner market a conversion kit for £5..1..7d, but the kit does not include a diving suit to keep the ink off your shirt. Eric and I will be flogging a nifty line in black and red, hand painted shirts at the next convention, so start saving now.

Whitsuntide saw a mass fan migration of fen in the direction of Liverpool. Most of 'em finally got there. A booze-film-snog party kept us happy on the Saturday evening, and a trip to the funland of Southport took place on Sunday. Within five minutes of arriving, we lost Archie Mercer, but a mobile search party found him doggedly quartering the foreshore. Beer and sandwiches were interrupted by the fact that our picnic site happened to be on the approach path of the aeroplane giving pleasure flights. Why



they don't have a rule forbidding the passengers to spit out of the window, I do not know. A move to build a sand-castle large enought to snag the undercarriage was narrowly defeated and so we went to haunt the pleasure beach instead. After playing fighter pilots on the big dipper, a mass onslaught was made on the helter-skelter. Dave Newman earning the freedom of the slide by making the highest number of consecutive runs without tearing his trousers. The fun house gave us a chance to sit down and admire the technique (and taste) of the fellow in charge of the air blast. It also proved the truth of the old rhyme...'Rose's are red, and Viclet's are blue' Monday came, and one fair member of the party came to see me off at the station. Hardly had the train left Liverpool, when I found her platform ticket in my pocket. Maybe they'll keep her on the platform feeding off British Railways sandwiches until I mail the platform ticket. I hope not, as I've lost the ticket anyway.

Having been coerced by the eldest rebel into making a model yacht, I am now deep in the intricacies of technical terminology. Pintles and scuppers rub shoulders with quadrants and quinquiremes. The workshop floor is a mass of shavings, I've discovered 23 muscles I suspect are completely new to the science of anatomy, and for all that, I have four boat shaped planks. The idea is to glue these together, and then shape them to look like a hull. A minor foundry has to be built to cast a lead keel weight, and the school needlework shop raided to provide sails. I'm just wondering if I can buy a yacht cheap, and convince the rebel that I made it. Trouble is, he'd probably spot 'Made in Japan' stamped underneath.

Also on the drawing board, is the design for a delta-wing flying model. After building Ghu knows how many kit models...all of which failed to fly higher than my head before splintering back into kit form on the school playground..I decided to stick together bits and pieces left over from various failures. The result looked like something out of Tom Swift, but results were little short of spectacular. The first model to fly high enough to break an upper window of the school. Inspired by this, I am now redesigning the thing in the hope of coming up with a model that will do all the things claimed on the boxes in the model shop. Who knows, the Air Ministry may take it up, and it will be the first of the 'J' bombers.

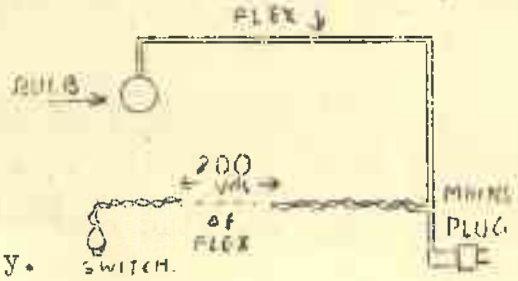
Earlier on in my ramblings, I mentioned the BSFA. The people who always peek at the back page first, will have also noticed further mention there. Since typing those pages, much water has moderated atomic reactions, and I hear from Ted Tubb that he would be glad of typing type help with 'Vector', the O-O

of the BSFA. People willing to help Ted out in this worthy effort should drop him a line p.d.q. One point though, Ted is trying to keep the O-O neat and tidy, and only people with access to Pica typeface should apply. Ted is working manfully at the moment, not only producing the magazine ready for the membership, but also printing the Association's heading on all sorts of esoteric material ranging from envelopes, through paper, to library labels and membership cards. In other words, he's busy. Help in the typing line would be greatly appreciated, and of course any suitable material.

Having had the chance to peek at Eric's editorial before completing mine, I have the unprecedented opportunity to make a few comments on part of Triode before it appears. Being a fun-loving, fanzine-type schizophrenic s & c fan is going to be hard to keep up. Nevertheless it may have some advantages. When approached by s&c types of the fugghead variety, one can always plead 'fannishability'. The converse also applies. Of course, it might be awkward to encounter another of the schizophrenic variety, but no doubt a suitable mis-match of ego phases could be arranged. An admirable method being available in the story 'Beyond Bedlam'. I'd go on to comment on the advantages of being a sex-loving misogynist, but someone would no doubt write an article about it, so perhaps I'd better not.

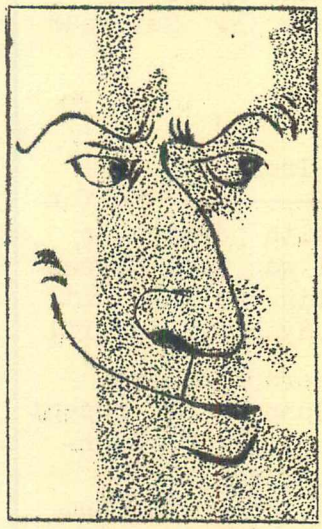
Latest addition to the ranks of the tape-worms, is Alan Dodd. Alan has mortgaged his bright fannish future to buy a Walter tape recorder. Little does he know how the worm will burrow deeper and deeper into his soul. The soul destroying manner with which he will scan the Radio and TV times for details of material suitable for recording. The next step is a splicing block..extensions speakers..record decks..stereo.. message tapes.. and so it goes on, until the whole house is one huge tape recorder, and tape making consumes so much time that you have none left in which to play back the tape. This proves what a drug, recording can be. It has a sinister sort of fascination, and will even draw bibliophile and philatelist from their collections. The only reason I can see for all this, is that it is more fun...and, stangely enough, probably a lot cheaper in the long run.

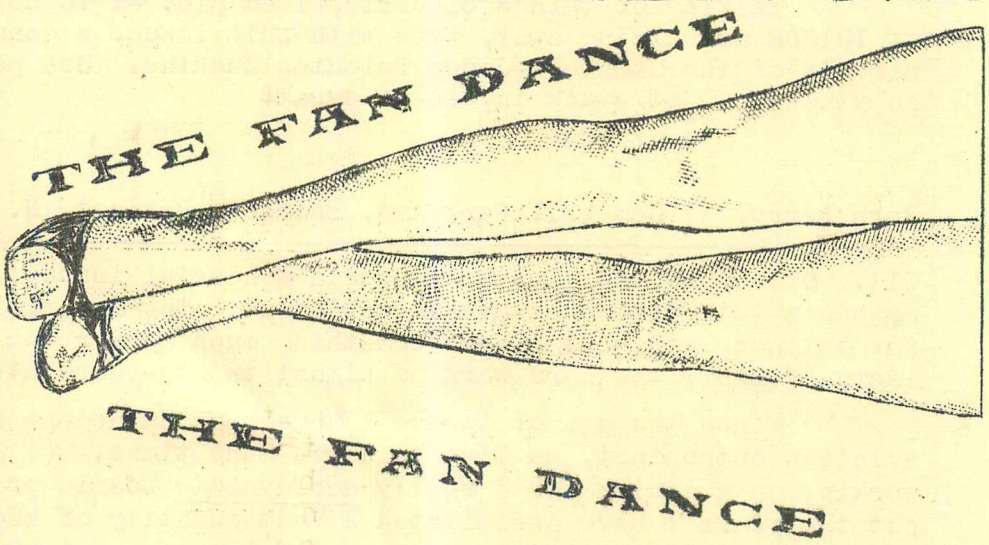
Earlier in these pages, Eric gave away some free plots. Not to be outdone, I now place Triode in the front ranks of modern progress, by giving away free, a genuine printed circuit. I had intended this to be a circuit for a TV/Radio Tape Recorder/Electric Shaver, but this required several parts which can not be printed, and many people may not wish to own such a device. I finally settled on the printed circuit for an electric light which may be switched on or off from any room in the house. Make it, and astound your friends.




So long, Terry.

# THE FAN DANCE






COR...EOGRAPHER EB.

Pete Daniels, 9 School Close, Moreton, Wirral, Ches.

Well, let's work our way through this glory of English prose. Cover - superb, of course, - and inside it is a loverly picture of three-fingered Newman shaving off half his tongue! Zine-reviews conducted with remarkable restraint in certain-quarters, lad. But never fear this is your wisest course, and old cretin-face will get his just deserts. (( The Foreign Legion, perhaps ?))

B is our D, is terrific - do you plan to release the authors trufannish identity ever ? (( There's fear of repercussions from a certain foreign-power if I do, y' know....although I'm trying to get security clearance the Min. of Ag and Fish is putting up Strong Opposition.)) The Berry piece is his usual stuff - great.

If anybody cares, FANNING ISLAND is part of the Gilbert and Ellis Islands colony. (( I'm informed by TRIODE's Official Observer at the current H-bomb tests, Keith Freeman who's stationed on nearby Christmas Isle, that the Fauna isn't up to much, but FLORA... well...))

Being taperless myself, I gnash the teeth grimly at thoughts of bods with not just one, but two, and in some cases even more. I'm toying with the idea of bashing up a job myself, making use of a clockwork gram-motor and the pick-up sockets on a radio. No good for anything but speech, of course, but I feel it might work that far. So if you get a tape one day that has apparently been recorded under water, you'll know who it's from, even if you can't understand a ruddy word!

Talking of things electric, I am pleased to notice that the ed's of TRIODE are giving away, free with this issue, a genuine symbolic circuit of the Campbell-Jones Psionics Machine. See page 33. Get your copy now and get stuck in, so to speak!

John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, N. Ireland.

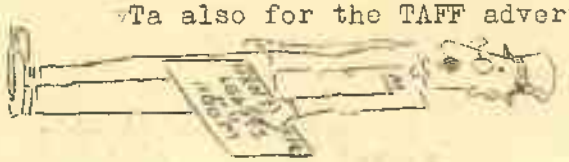
Ta for T13. Of course, as always, it was a wonderful issue, with particular emphasis this time on neatness of layout. The material was well chosen for balance, etc, but I have something much more revealing to say. At last, AT LAST, the hard work of almost twenty-years study has paid off!

Since the age of twelve I have been an ardent aeroplane and aviation enthusiast, as I've told you many times. (( John is at present working on a design for a really aerodynamic beanie prop...)) Throughout the years I have assimilated a vast quantity of knowledge about aeroplanes, all their dimensions, performances, weights, etc, etc, and folks who don't know any better have called me stupid for wasting my time on such mundane studies. But now, I have the telling answer. Twenty years hard work has triumphed!

I was reading BELOVED IS OUR DESTINY, which, incidentally, is a marvellous work, the tongue of the writer, whoever that genius is, must have nearly bored a hole in his cheek whilst writing it. Terribly witty to an Englishman. And, as I said, I was reading this avidly, balancing each witty and wonderful word WHEN IT HAPPENED.... A glaring mistake, horrible in its implications, and, even more wonderful, I am sure I was the only one to spot it. Twenty-years slaving over textbooks had finally paid off.

Let me lay the facts before you. The story starts with..."At precisely one-twenty-four on Friday, June 27th 1946...." and then, on page 11, during which time the date is almost the same, Harrison says... " A BEA VISCOUNT is awaiting you on the lawn....etc...". TRIUMPH for my pore intellect. Of course, Viscounts were not in service with any airline in 1946. BEA was still making do with DC3's, Hermes, Yorks, and, even, old Junkers 52/3m's for internal routes. It's a stupid thing for me to say, but until that fateful blunder I laffed my head off at the delightful satire, but couldn't really get back in the vein after The Viscount. But then, that's one of the trifling things that makes me unique!!! ((Hmmmm. But it was the prototype Viscount, John, and t'was still on the secret-list as far as you mundane people were concerned. Harrison, of course, had been in at the test-bed, as it were, and Vickers were only too pleased to loan Him the aircraft!!))

Ta also for the TAFF advert. Very nice of you. I sincerely mean that. (( A pleasure, John, and to repeat the cry.....JOHN BERRY FOR TAFF....))



Rory Faulkner, 7241 East 20th St, Westminster, California.

From what I hear, most of the fans at the Worldcon finished up with the Asian flu', followed by a prolonged siege of GAFIA. I know that's what happened to me - I debarked from the Queen Mary already stricken, collapsed at my nephew's home in N.Y. and spent five horrible days there whilst my mind left me perishing body and wandered off past Betelgeuse and back. Was only glad that the bug waited until I got back to the U.S.A. and did not spoil my visit to GB! I saw the telecast of our rat-race while in Belfast at Walt's - never realised till then what an old bag I looked like. Seeing yourself on TV is a sure cure for any conceit one has left at 69!

Have had a couple of letters from Bob Richardson, the American one that is...Dr Robert S. who suffered three broken ribs from falling off his roof whilst trying to spot a sputnik. For some reason Rick Sneary found this wildly hilarious, and we fooled around trying to compose a limerick to immortalize this event. (( Must admit that it rather tickles my funny-bone, too.))

I was interested in the discussion in TRIODE about the letter columns in the old pulps. In truth, they were more fantastic than the stories at times. It was their invideous influence that got me into fandom, and released me from a life of boredom caused by being forced to associate with none other but other old crones who read nothing but the Ladies' Home Journal, and whose chief joy was in belonging to the Altar Guild. I had been like the old monk of Siberia whose existence grew drearier and drearier till he burst from his cell with a hell of a yell and assaulted the Mother Superior. So I went and did likewise in my chaste manner, and have lived a most interesting life in my declining years, thanks to the fans who have been so kind in accepting me into the fold.

The warmth and kindness of you British Fans really floored me. I never expected such red-carpet treament as you all gave me. I fell in love with England, and her people I met there, and it was not like being in a strange land - it was like coming home after a long absense. I guess ancestral memories awoke! (( Shucks....it was nice to have you Rory, and we'll be expecting you over again for Clacton-on-Sea in 63...))

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6, Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey.

I showed your matrimonial remarks to Machiavarley, and told him, " Now that's what I call a serious constructive suggestion". He has now gone away baffled to think up a good excuse for turning me down without insulting me...await further developements! (( Hmm, you could get married in Belfast and call it a White Wedding!!))

IF AN 'X' APPEARS HERE ——→ [ ]

GO AND SEE AN OPTICIAN.

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland.

Beloved Is Our Destiny really slays me. I'm seized with a tremendous desire to see this on a movie screen, amateur-produced, with dialogue provided partly by large signs held up by the characters at the proper moments, partly by superimposed captions. (( It is possible that LaSFaS may film a thing about Harrison, Harry, I'll ask 'em to send you a ticket to the premiere.)) It is sad to think that the time will come when nobody will appreciate this sort of parody, because the prototype is becoming obsolete so rapidly. (( I'm not so sure about this obsolescent, Harry, there is a Wyndham yarn in the current SCIENCE FANTASY which yells out for 'Faversham and Hurstmonceux' treatment.))

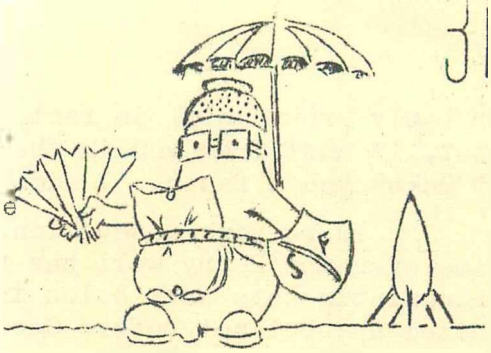
Subject For Debate is an excellent idea. I'm afraid that the satellite and space flight projects are tied in so inextricably with military motives in both the United States and Russia that it's quite impossible to speak of reducing the armaments race through more emphasis on the race into space. And I do also fear that you wouldn't assume that the USA in particular will reduce "defense" spending in favour of sputnik money, if you'd ever lived in this country. "Defense" funds are the most sacrosanct portion of the National Budget simply because of the lobbies maintained in Washington by the firms that profit by contracts for weapons, munitions, and similat stuff. And I regret to say that most people seem quite satisfied with the United State's place in the competition to get into space, now that we've succesfully launched our ball-bearing size sputnik.

---

ON AQUIRING A TAPE RECORDER.....

...I have already sent off for a co-axial speaker which I am going to box in, so in conjunction with the two speakers already in the taper, I will get a bass reflex... and then of course one should have a mixer....two microphones...a preamplifier ...(fade in on street noises and the clink of coins dropped in a battered tin cup)... "Thank you, sir, now I shall eat again tonight. Once I too was a happy and solvent collector of s-f and then...(sob).... and then I bought my first taper, now look at us..." ( fade in with full volume, street noises etc., and the voices of the other mendicants clamouring against one another. "...ten cents, ladies and gentlemen, only ten cents to record your voice...send a message to your loved ones ...get that joke down intact before you forget..." ( fade out and then in to what is a small room with two or three people in it; outside the street noises are muted to a dull murmur of sound. Inside only the low undertones of an occasional muttered word and the clink of instruments).. " poor fellow...looks like he's past help ...nurse, hand me that...wait a moment he's coming to...gasping something about an oscillating tube, sounds like...quick the hypo...too late, too late...poor guy" (fade out and in again; a thin voice saying something against the bleak sound of steadily falling rain)..."..and dust to dust..." ( volume up the rainfall sound intermixed with the sodden thud of wet earth falling on a cheap pine coffin)....

LeRoy B. Haugsrud.



Just two or three days ago, there were two really hot news stories involving space, one from the United States, the other from Russia. This nation announced the prescence of a zone near the edges of the atmosphere where radiation from unknown causes was a thousand times greater than predicted, making necessary all sorts of shielding recalculations for eventual space-travel. Russia announced findings from the Muttnik, such as the unexpected lag in the return of the dog's heartbeat to normal after launching and variations found in the upper atmospheric levels. A few outstanding newspapers, including the New York Times and the Washington Star, splashed both these stories over the front pages. However, out here where the heart of the nation begins, the editor of the local paper put the radiation story on page four with a one column headline and didn't run the Russian story at all.

And you should have seen the play that Britain's power source successes received in this country's press. The Zeta or whatever you called it announcement was received with as much respect as a flying saucer report. It isn't hard to see the reason for this decrying of the progress that you people have been making. If a new source of power is provided that doesn't involve rare, hard-to-get, or faraway materials, it is going to force a lot of people in this country to earn their own livings, instead of depending on dividends from their investments in the stock of a lot of power-producing firms. It's also going to be hard for Washington's statesmen to get the public worked up into a state of hysteria over the threat to Middle East Oilfields, if we no longer need oil for large-scale power applications. There are days when I feel like moving to Canada. (( Make it New Zealand, they have a better climate, and I'll join you.))

No, I haven't taken out a license for my radio, and I wish your British Postal Authorities would stop making me feel so guilty about this omission by use of that cancellation slogan - especially so as we don't <u>need</u> to take out a license!

---

DEPT OF ABOUT TIME,TOO.. Boyd Raeburn is going to get his two heads aligned!

---

John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown, Ohio.

You Cad! You Bigot! You...you...you FAN! Not knowing you, not knowing Sanderson, but knowing Ron I can't decide what, who is the truth. I opened TRIODE with considerable prejudice, on account of Sanderson's article, but it somewhat dissipated after I'd read your gem. Still I've seen nothing disproving Sanderson's claims. On the other hand, you're reputation as an admirer of er, popsies...goes back to '56. ((Even before that, Laddie, I use 'em as a substitute for fanac!))

Probably previously, in fact, but I haven't got anything earlier...This lust, it must drag you in the mud, make you the butt of jokes, and gee, it makes you a faaan. I admire it.

In re your discussion. I can envision it. When in twenty years time even the Berry well has run dry, oblique house has fallen, the ghoodmintin bats have holes in them, the zaps and plonker guns have seized up; but not before Cecil lies dead with a hole in his head. ((One like his Master's ?)) Sneary has fallen into the past, and has hollered himself hoarse with SGin'58, notrealizing it is now '78. Once every few years the tired neos-of-today will gather to reminisce about " Good Old 11th Fandom", curse the NFFF, and wonder where the hell JD is.

Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, off Victoria Rd, Bradford, Yorks.

What really prodded me into writing was the arrival of TRIODE. I think I'll deal with that before replying to your letter. The one thing I am really enthusiastic about is your hind leg lifting act on Sandy. It was great and just what was needed. I once heard a story - supposedly true - about an Alsation dog which was lured into fighting by a yappy little Peke. Subsequently the Alsatian was reprimanded by its owner for fighting such a small and insignificant dog. So the next time the Peke annoyed it it just calmy lifted its hind leg and did you know what all over the fussy creature. I always thought it an unsurpassable gesture and your handling of this affair reminds me very much of that. Please take a well-deserved bow (wow?). (( But what peked Sanderson!?!))

As for the rest of TRIODE. I thoroughly enjoyed BELOVED IS OUR DESTINY. That seems an inadequate thing to say but it sums it up - it was just good entertainment and I enjoyed it. The same is true of John Berry's piece. I think the plan for fandom to take over the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN is absolutely wonderful ( I should think it pretty wonderful whoever took over the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN I guess) and should like to be included in the scheme. I am able to say, without being boastful, that I have that particularly unique experience which is absolutely invaluable to any newspaper and I feel sure that this will be remembered when the time comes....My talent ? I can stand on a street corner and holler like crazy!

Don Allen, 34a Cumberland St, Gateshead 8, Co Durham.

...Firstly the cover illo was very good. This is the first time I've seen a lot of Eddie's work. His illos and stencilling throughout are excellent. See you've just about every fan-artist in fandom on your pay-role, must be good money with TRIODE...! (( I wish we could afford to pay 'em, they do a dern good job for us.)) Pity that I have missed the previous instalments of Beloved Destiny, part 3 was enjoyed very much, didn't think I would at first but soon changed that opinion.

The sound of breaking crockery echoes through the hotel, and I wake thinking: 'The con's started.'

Someone in the kitchen has dropped a good selection of what is most breakable, and with such accuracy that I can identify each casualty by sound, starting with the hollow clonk of teapots and ending with the rattle of spoons. I should say that the teaspoons, and maybe, the tray are all that survive.

Cyrtricon started for most of us on Good Friday. The Devil's Kitchen, the nearest lounge to the entrance, is the centre of activity from lunchtime till supper, when there is enough of an audience to make it worth while playing over a tape from Dale R. Smith. There's a most pleasant air of greeting, and as I sit beneath the assorted weapons adorning the lounge walls, I can ask for nothing better than to be at Kettering for the Con.

Should one analyse a good time ? Isn't it a leetle fugg-headed to try ? Maybe it's just there to be enjoyed, like jazz.

Have a statistic. First at the Con, beating Ron Bennett by hours, are Clacton fans Welham and Hall, who arrive so early on Thursday that as time passes and nowone else shows up, they begin to think that the con has been called off.

Friday evening. Ivor Mayne, Ron and I go to see 'Pal Joey' under the impression that Frank Sinatra will sing, Rita Hayworth dance, and Kim Novak act, if this were not a decent family magazine I would describe how our eyes were opened. It takes a two-hour tape session of the Goon Shows and Little Richard, back at the Hotel, to stop me twitching.

We mostly turn in about midnight, so as to gather strength for the next two nights. A few choose to wait up for Bryan Burgess, who has phoned the hotel to say that he is hitch-hiking very slowly in the wrong direction, and that, having reached Scotland, he is now back on course, and will they leave the front door open. I hear that when he arrives at 4a.m., his first action is to chase one of the girls along the passage, but I can hardly believe that. Who can have so much energy ? When I breakfast with him at 9a.m., he is perfectly fit and talking chiefly about having had trouble with a Jaguar's big end.

We are last in for the meal, and I notice with alarm that there are no other fen in sight. Have they all left during the night, hitch-hiking slowly, perhaps, towards Scotland ? I realise how the Clacton boys feel on Thursday and hurry down the street to search for someone. Happily, after several awkward situations due to grinning at total strangers, I use my intuition and make for the local Post Office. It is, as I hope, full of fen milling brightly about, buying stamps for the despatch of fannish mail.

" This," says Dave Newman, " will be the first time I've been thrown out of a Post Office"....as everyone changes their mind and decides to buy stamps at the hotel instead.

Norman Shorrock is carrying an enormous curly balloon, four feet long; " What's this for?" I ask, touching it.

" You like it ?" he replies. " It's yours". And they all move off, pretending not to know me, and leave me trapped among strangers in the main street, clutching the damn thing, and whimpering.. My friends.

A long time later, I scuttle off the streets into a small untidy bookshop crammed with old magazines and fans. This is the collector's shop, new to me since I have not been to Kettering before, but a major attraction for those who have. Between conventions, a fair amount of s-f accumulates here, and in one weekend the fannish locusts descend and raid the lot. Everyone seems to be here. Who says we no longer read s-f ?

John Roles finds a book of Victorian poems titled ' The Works of Willis', including one on the 'Death of Harrison'. This is at once snapped up and enriched with suitable quotations. Proxyboo Ltd. has been busy.

The Saturday night party goes with a rhythim-and-blues beat. Your editors whirl each other round their heads; laughter and music fill the air in the Basket Lounge; Bill The Barman ( a really likable gentleman who it is a pleasure to meet) bustles

back and forth with trays of bottles, and at midnight a fanfare of trumpets announces the entry of Formula Four Blog. The party grows livelier yet. Laurence Sandfield hands out copies of a comic song written for the occasion, and I put my elbow in my beer. TJ and Bob Richardson fight a duel with plastic cocktail sticks. These little sword-shaped items, first seen in the bar, are now in every lapel.... a fannish motif clearly ordained by St. Fantony to mark the occasion.

At 4a.m. the party tails off and the survivors either totter off to bed or begin to make the rounds of the room parties. Gradually the numbers shrink until by 5 a.m. only a dozen hard cases are left. Allow me to describe the scene at this time. It may help to convey some of the Marx Brotherish atmosphere of the night.

A smell of coffee drifts up the stairs...that's Bill brewing up, I suppose. A little while ago,someone has locked me in a pantry, and while getting the door open again, I have made tea. Through the skylight I watch the...uh...sky lightening and hear a thrush singing. All is peace. Then with a wild shriek, Ina Shorrock flees past the pantry door hotly pursued by Sandfield and the mob. I never know why. Staggering along in the rear is Ron Bennett, roused from slumber,but fast relapsing. I shrug, and go back to my pantry for a second cup. Peace again....thrush singing like mad. Thunder of footsteps. Bennett races past. There's no one else in sight.

" How d'you do ?" I say politely, putting my head into the dark corridor. " How d'you do ?" he replies, not pausing to see who it is, and steams into the distance. Again, I don't know why, because by now the hotel is at last asleep, apart from a groaning far off, like the unquiet spirit of Archie Mercer's accordion.

After breakfast with my patient room-mate, Jack Wilson, I join a camera shoot in the square. This is Sunday, the official business day, starting with an OMPA meeting at which a tape is played from Vino and Co. Me ? I feel frivolous. At lunch-time, some of us go to a cafe where Ron Bennett knows the waitress, one of those places where each table has a battery of condiments and sauces on a check cloth. Barry Hall exchanges glances with me. Silently we begin to play surrealist noughts-and-crosses with the sauce bottles. Whenever anyone else begins to guess the rules, we switch to salt-shakers.

Engrossed in such far-out pursuits, we return to the George almost with regret. In a smoke-filled lounge a warming-up session is in progress. Most people are already there, and the rest, like us, are arriving as lunch finishes or as the bar closes.

Norman and Archie are murmuring a commentary on the scene for the States. Mr. Wansborough sends a message to Dick Eney, complete with a background of lowing cattle, given free by the audience. There is a raffle for some paintings.

The open discussion which now begins, and which ends in the formation of the BSFA, is the outcome of Vin~~g~~ OMPA appeal for Something To Be Done about the Incredible Shrinking Fen. In other words, there aren't enough of us in Britain. With only a break for dinner, this meeting lasts until 10.30 p.m.. The recruiting problem is in everyones mind, and Vince has clearly said what many have been thinking. Suddenly the spirit of the con has changed. You know the way a cat plays with a mouse, batting it this way and that ? Just when it looks like escaping the cat pounces, and you know that all the time it has mean't to, even when it is playing hardest. Well, for 'cat' read 'British Fans' and for 'mouse' read 'Fandom'.

For a moment we see that fandom is slipping away, and with a unity of action and lack of heroics that is rare in fan politics, we do something about it. The feeling of the meeting is extraordinary. This is the third national fan society I've seen, and the most likely to succeed where the SFA and the BFS have failed.

We stay talking in the lounge till 2 a.m., when Bobby Wild and Ella Parker invite Jack Wilson, Ivor Mayne, and me to a room party. Somehow, after settling in with sandwiches and coffee, we find Bryan Burgess in a corner, reading the Bible aloud. We feed him the sandwiches to stop him. He hides the crusts in Ella's bed, Where she finds them, with a merry laugh, at 6 a.m., and he begins anew. In desperation, we turn off the light. So he quotes from memory. We light up again, and give him some s-f to read. That quietens him. He goes to sleep. At 5 a.m., Phil Rogers taps on the door, says hello and falls to the floor asleep, the weakling. This signals the invasion of everyone left awake in the hotel.... final count 24 in a room for two. Uproar, flash photos from Peter West, Bennett handing out beer and swapping stamps with Norman.

As daylight shows through the curtains, we turn off the gasfire and lights, and the mob goes off on a mission of vengeance with Barry Hall, whose room-mate, Bryan Welham, has locked him out. Most then turn in, leaving only eight of us to take coffee, brewed by the kindness of Bill, in a Devil's Kitchen eerie in the flat dawn light.

So the good times pass. Monday is all departures. We check out of our rooms and get the use of the Commercial Room, where Archie and I take turns as disc-jockeys in a non-stop jazz session. As a last group effort we make up a souvenir box for Ken Slater, absent through illness. Among other items it contains a sheaf of hotel bills, the receipts torn off, endorsed 'Please Pay At Once'. I hope he feels better for it, but I doubt it !

- END -

INTERMISSSION Cont. *** STARDUST No.1 (Alvar Appeltoft, Klammerdammsgatan 20, Halmstad, Sweden) A Swedish fmz in English. For a first issue it isn't too bad, but poor repro and spotty contents don't leave me with any pleasant lasting thoughts. *** OOPSLA 24 (GREGG CALKINS, 1714 So. 15th St. E., Salt Lake City, Utah) This is one of the best, and it's only a pity that it doesn't appear more often. (which can be said of all the Good fmz) Willis, Berry and Calkins share honours. *** YANDRO No.62. (Bob and Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Indiana.) An unpretentious but always interesting zine, best item being Marion Zimmer Bradley's column which usually contains some valid thoughts. *** CRIFANAC No.6 ( Tom Reamy, 4243 Buena Vista, Dallas 4, Texas) This is a beautifully reproduced thing, litho' throughout, I think, and has some excellent artwork (a cover by FREAS!), but most of the material would 'fit' better in a duplicated (or ditto) zine. Best thing in the issue is an interview with George Adamski - I thought he was crazy, now I'm sure of it! *** PROFANITY No.1 ( Bruce Pelz, Box 2355 University Station, Gainesville, Florida.) A first issue which is all too, too typical. Glaring, garish cover, and spotty innards. There's a Bibliography of the works of Henry Kuttner which is commendable, but the rest is best forgotten. Ughish. *** INNUENDO No.7 (Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkely 4, California) I'd hazard a guess that Terry Carr is just about the most active Stateside fan there is, right now....betwixt INN and FANAC I don't know how he finds time for the studying he's supposed to be doing. However, to the subject under discussion...INNUENDO is good. Nice material by Carl Brandon, Harry Warner, and Terry. Plus a bit by Burbee which is damned funny. *** NEW FUTURIAN No.8 (Mike Rosenblum & Ron Bennett, 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7) One of the few serious-about-s-f zines that are left, and, generally, chockfull of interest....but I must admit that Wally Gillings Life Story is starting to flag a little. There's a very useful Pocket Book bibliography by Don Tuck in this issue. *** FRANCE & SCIENCE FICTION No.1 ( Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland.) This is an expansion of Pierre's FFM, and just as fascinating. Completely different in style and approach from the British and American zines, but all the more interesting for this. *** METROFAN No.9 (David MacDonald, 39 E. 4th St, New York 3.) This issue like the last is mainly concerned with pointless wrangling regarding the Dietz vs Kyle thing. Not of interest at this address. *** SPECTRE No.2 (Bill Meyers, 4301, Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee) A new one going places....I think. Nice layout, illos and material. *** CRY OF THE NAMELESS No.115 (!) (The Seattle Group, box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash) The Best American Clubzine, and a startling contrast to METROFAN which could be called the OO of NY fandom. CRY is infinitely better, and one of the best fmz currently being published. *** SPACE DIVERSIONS No.10 (LaSFaS, c/o Norman Shorrock, 2 Arnot Way, Hr. Bebington, Wirral, Ches.) The Best British Clubzine, and particularly worth getting for John Owen's Drums Along The Mersey column. *** GRUE No.29 ( Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Ave, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.) Fascinatins as usual. Dean has the power to interest everyone in what he is interested in....and he's interested in everything. The Best.

JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA
JOIN THE BSFA

Have you joined the

BRITISH
SCIENCE
FICTION
ASSOCIATION

?

If not, why not ?

The B.S.F.A. was formed by fans

is operated by fans

aims to please fans

The Association magazine will be edited for you by TED TUBB

The Postal Library is for you to use.

The Information Bureau is for your queries.

The Association's publications will be for you.

Additional facilities will be suggested by you.

BUT

First, you have to join the Association.

For details, write to:-

Eric Bentcliffe,
Secretary, B.S.F.A.
47. Alldis St.,
Greatmoor,
Stockport,
Ches.

JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOIN
THEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEB
SFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+
JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOIN
THEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEB
SFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+
JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOIN
THEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEB
JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOIN
THEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHE+
JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOIN
THEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHE+
JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOIN
JOINTHEBSFA+THEBSFA+JOINTHE+
BSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA
JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOIN
THEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEB
SFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+
JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOIN
THEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEB
SFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+
JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOIN
THEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEB
SFA+JOINTHEBSFA+JOINTHEBSFA+